

SWAT Kats: A Hangar Divided

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Summary: T-Bone and Razor are brought in to protect Callie from Doctor Viper, but some buried emotions and a fiendish katalyst almost make it fatal...

SWAT Kats: A Hangar Divided

>SWAT KATS- THE RADICAL SQUADRON

>"A Hangar Divided"

>By The Professor

>
 "This is Mayor Manx-- HAALP!" came the call over short-wave as the

>Turbokat was on routine patrol. It caught both T-Bone and Razor off
guard, seeing as it had been a mostly quiet evening. Earlier that day

>they had had the usual war of words with Commander Feral, in which he
swore that he'd unmask the two "hotshot vigilantes", as he always did.

>The rest of the day had been quiet until then.

> "Hey, buddy, can you find where that call came from?"

T-Bone
called from the pilot's seat in front.

> "Working on it..." Razor responded from the gunner's chair in
back. "Got it! His mansion in uptown."

> "Alright! We're on our way!"
 With that, T-Bone pushed the throttle lever forward, and all three

>of the Turbokats' engine's flared to life as the jet roared toward
uptown Megakat City.

>

> Commander Feral, on the other hand, was already there. He was
driving through the neighborhood on the way to his own house when his

>police scanner picked up the call. "This is Feral!" he called into
the microphone, "Bring me backup- at the Mayor's Mansion!"

>
 His own police cruiser screeched into action as he raced down

>another avenue and arrived at the Mayor's front gate. Before he

got
out, he heard his niece's voice call over the radio,
"Commander, this
>is Lieutenant Feral, I'm on my way with a small guard. Any
special
equipment?"
> The commander took the mic. "Negative, Felina, I'm sure
the
mayor's probably just spooked by something. Just don't make it
look
>like it's as much of a waste of time as it is!"
 "Understood.
We're on our way. Feral out."
>
 Commander Feral grabbed his shotgun and stepped out of the

>cruiser. He walked cautiously up to the gate of the mansion,
checking
his blind spots. The mayor was easily spooked, so it was
probably
>nothing.
 Probably.
> Still, better safe than dead, Feral checked all around him
before
entering his personal code into the gate's access panel.
After a few
>seconds, the gate ground open, and he cautiously inched his way up
to
the front door.
>
 When he arrived, two helicopters made themselves seen and
heard as
>they landed in the street. A small guard of ten or so Enforcers
filed
out of them, he signaled to have them take strategic
positions around
>the mansion, and when Lt. Felina Feral ran up, he signaled for her
to
take the position opposite him on the other side of the
doorway. When
>all were in position, the Commander counted to three with his
fingers,
and both he and Felina broke through the door, sweeping
their guns to
>look for any trespassers. Two Enforcers followed them, doing
the
same.
>
 They then fanned out, searching for any hostiles. Right before

>the Commander was to yell out "area secure", a small, green
tentacle
lashed out of a nearby closet to knock him down.
> Felina reacted instinctually by firing a warning shot above
the
closet door, and the tentacle slithered back into the small
room. The
>Lt. kicked open the door to see the tentacle slither into a hole
in
the floor.
>
 The Commander got back up and rubbed a small red welt
developing
>on his forehead. "What in blazes was that?"
 "I don't know,
uncle, but it looked like one of Dr. Viper's
>creations."
 "Viper! I thought we'd gotten that mutated sicko for
good."
>
 It was then that the two other Enforcers arrived, looking
worried.
>"Is everything alright, sir? We heard a gunshot."
 "I'm fine. Get
to the second floor, and shoot anything green!"
>

> T-Bone engaged the Turbokats' Harrier engines and landed safely
on
the Mayor's lawn. As the two SWAT Kats jumped out of the
cockpit and
>ran towards the entrance to the mansion, an Enforcer started to
stop
them, then decided they might help. He would have just "not
seen them
>enter" on his report.

> Razor began scanning the area using his portable X-Ray beam on his
glovatrix, until he finally stopped at the floor. "T-Bone! I'm
>getting traces of Catalyst 99 directly below us! You know what
that
means..."
> "Yeah. That sick snake Viper! Let's kick some mutated tail!"

> The two kats quickly found a staircase, and ran down only to
have
several small mushrooms attack them. The mutated mushrooms
bared
>small fangs and spikes, and apparently some way to move, because
they
were flinging themselves at the SWAT Kats. T-Bone drew his
Glovatrix
>and fired a Mini-Tarpedo, throwing a great number of them back
and
sticking them to the wall. A mushroom "brigade" charged Razor,
only
>to be netted by a missile from his Glovatrix.

> After the last of the Shiitake menace had been dealt with, the
two
kats arrived at the bottom step, and were quickly disabled by
two
>large tentacles. The large, green vines knocked them alongside
the
head, knocking them both unconscious.
>

> Feral's team had done a sweep of the second floor, only to
come
across a broken transmitter and the Mayor's toupee. That was,
until
>one of the patrolmen fell down a rather large hole in the
mayor's
bathroom. The two Ferals and the other patrolman gathered
around the
>hole, and saw the sprawled body of the first Enforcer lying
motionless
on the basement floor, two floors below.
>
 Suddenly a large tentacle leapt up, out of the darkness, and
swept
>the three kats down into the hole.

>
 T-Bone and Razor bucked wildly against the two large tentacles,

>though not getting anywhere. Razor stopped struggling long enough
to
study the large green vines, whose origin was unseen-- hidden
under
>another hole in the basement floor. He tried to move his paw
enough
to use his Glovatrix, but the vine's death grip was too
strong. After
>a few moments, T-Bone realized the futility of struggle, too,
and
stopped.
>
 It was then that an Enforcer patrolman fell from an unnoticed
hole
>in the ceiling, and landed with a crack on the basement floor.
Razor
could tell by the way he landed and the sound he made that
he'd died
>on impact.

> Shortly afterwards a tentacle shot out of the hole in the
basement
floor, up into the hole in the ceiling, and returned with
Commander
>and Lieutenant Feral, along with another Enforcer in its grasp.
The
two groups were surprised to see each other-- each had
expected the
>other to come and help them.

> That was when two sinister, glowing yellow eyes appeared in
the
darkness. A hissing came from the direction of the eyes, which
grew

>into an evil laugh. A green-striped tail lashed out from the shadows,
and came to rest at a set of large, green, scaled feet, which stepped
>out into the light. Half of the evil green kat stood still in the
shadows, but everyone knew who it was.
>
 "How nice of you to join usssss, Commander..." came the voice of
>the green kat.
 "Viper! Release us at once!" bellowed Commander Feral.
> "Oh, but Commander, I have great planssssss for you..."

> The rest of the evil form of Doctor Viper stepped into the low
light, his white labcoat singed and torn, his green, scaled skin
>rippling. The once proud scientist strolled up to the tentacle
holding the three Enforcers, gave it a gentle stroke, and it dropped
>them heavily on the floor.

> The patrolmen brought his shotgun to bear, but another mutant
Shitake mushroom jumped at him from the shadows. He screamed in pain
>in terror, but the mushroom had used it's spikes to sever his larynx.
Felina moved away from the horror, but it did not attack them. It
>simply sat menacingly on the body of the dead Enforcer, waiting for
them to do something stupid.
>
 Luckily, Felina and the Commander had lost their weapons when the
>tentacle grabbed them, otherwise they might have done the same thing.

> "Let them go, Viper!" T-Bone shouted. "If you need someone for
your twisted experiments--"
> Viper let a hiss-chuckle go. "My dear SSSSSWAT Katsssss, your time
will be ssssssoon enough!"
>
 The mutated snake-kat wandered over to a large green pod sitting
>in the corner of the room. "Ssssoon, you all will join your mayor..."

> All four kats suddenly realized that a large, bushy tail was
protruding from the back of the pod. "What are you doing to the
>mayor, you creep?!" the Commander demanded.
 "I am making him into one of my sssservantsssss. In a few days, he
>will follow my every command!" Viper said, and gently stroked the pod.
 "And I suppose you intend to do the same to me?"
> "Oh, yesssss. But firssst I need one more kat. Once I have deputy
mayor Briggsssssss, I will control the three mossst powerful katsssss in
>Megakat City, and dominion will be mine!!"

> While Viper was speaking, one of his mushrooms absentmindedly
wandered near the vine holding the SWAT Kats. When he erupted into
>peals of evil laughter, the Shiitake jumped, and poked the tentacle
with one of its spikes. The vine released Razor and T-Bone, and
>slithered back into its hole in pain.

> The two kats aimed their Glovatrixes at Viper, who in a sweeping
arm motion sent his mushroom "squadron" at them, disappeared down the
>hole, first grabbing the Commander with his long, prehensile tail. He
lightly tapped another tentacle, which grabbed the pod

containing the
> mayor, and the myriad of vines disappeared down the hole in
the
basement floor.
>
 T-Bone and Razor fired furiously, gluing the mushrooms to the

> walls with Mini-Tarpedos, and Felina had snatched up her
fallen
comrade's shotgun and was fragging as many of the Psycho
salad bits as
> possible. When only a handful were left, they too disappeared
into
the hole.
>
 T-Bone was ready to jump in after them, but Razor called out,
"We
> can't go after him, buddy, we need to protect Callie!"
 "Agreed."
said Felina. "I'll get some security around the Deputy
> Mayor ASAP. Any help you two can offer will be appreciated."

> The three kats ran up into their aircraft, determined to
stop
Viper from getting to Deputy Mayor Callico Briggs.

>

> II

> Callico Briggs sat on her porch, watching the sunset over
the
Megakat City skyline. Her condo afforded an excellent view,
one of
> the perks of being Deputy Mayor. She had a slow song playing on
her
stereo, and a wistful look in her eyes. She knew she was being

> over-hopeful... no kat alive would ask her out, simply because
they
thought she was so lofty and powerful.
>
 At this rate, Callie thought, she would go out with anyone who

> asked. Maybe even the Mayor. But the more she thought about it,
the
worse off the idea became. After awhile, she actually laughed
at it.
>
 The wind began to blow, and she hugged herself for comfort. Her

> pink sweatsuit kept her warm, but not as much as she liked.
Her
blonde hair blew in the sudden gust, and she ran a paw through
it.

> The nights had seemed so much colder...

> Her phone began to ring in the living room, and she thought
aloud,
"Oh, come on, Callie. Let the machine get it." After the
third ring
> however, she decided it might be important and raced to answer
it.
 "Deputy Mayor Briggs." she answered.
> "Deputy Mayor, this is Lieutenant Felina Feral at
Enforcer
Headquarters. We have reason to believe that Doctor Viper
is
> targeting the executives of Megakat City, and you may be his
next
target. He's already captured the Mayor and my uncle." came
the
> reply.
 "Oh, my. Surely he can't get me here! I'm twenty stories
up!"
> "We know that, Miss Briggs, which is why we're only posting
guards
and having some choppers do routine sweeps of your area.
We'll be
> keeping a close eye on you, and we suggest you work out of home
for
awhile. You'll be easier to protect that way."
> "I understand completely. The Mayor and Commander are still
alive
then?"
> "Yes, so we think. Until Mayor Manx is recovered, though,

you're
mayor of Megakat City."

>
 Callie took a moment to think of it. She had thought of running

>before, but had never really had the guts to do it. Now, until the
Mayor returned, she was Mayor Briggs.

> Her first thought was, "Now I'll NEVER get a date!"

> She actually said to Felina: "Thank you, Lieutenant. Keep me
informed."

> "Understood... Mayor Briggs. Feral out."

> Callie hung up the phone. She strode back onto the porch, taking
her wine glass from the table. Standing on the balcony, she took a

>delicate sip from her glass. An Enforcer chopper flew across the
horizon, and Callie removed her glasses to see it properly.

>
 "I guess the SWAT Kats will have to work double time for

>awhile..." she said to no one in particular.

>
 Several hours later, the Turbokat landed on the roof of Callie's

>building. T-Bone and Razor leaped out of the jet, and were
immediately stopped by one of the maintenance staff for an autograph.

>They both grudgingly signed a piece of paper he provided, and they
then proceeded down the elevator shaft to Callie's floor.

>
 "Do you think we're actually getting TOO popular, Razor?" T-Bone

>inquired.
 "I dunno, buddy, but if this keeps up, it might work against us."

>his partner replied.
 "Yeah, I can see it now. We're trying to apprehend some bad kat

>and we're run over by autograph hounds."
 "Well, I'll just have to build a "Fan Detector" into the

>Turbokat!"

> They both laughed at this as they stepped out of the elevator and
found their way to Callie's room. The two Enforcers at the door let

>her know of their arrival, and cleared them to enter.

> The SWAT Kats strolled as nonchalantly into her living room as
possible. They both knew the other had the same love for Callie, but

>no one had done anything about it. It had been that way for three
years, and showed no signs of changing. T-Bone was the first one to

>greet her.

> "Miss Briggs, we're here and ready to help. What can we do?" he
asked.

> "Well, I guess one of you can stay here while the other patrols in
your jet... if that's okay with you?" she replied.

> "Oh, no problem Miss Briggs. I volunteer for first watch."

Razor
chimed in.

>
 T-Bone threw his partner a look, but started his way up to the jet

>anyway. After he had been in flight for awhile, he looked up at the
picture of Callie on the jet's control panel.

>
 Actually, it was of the three of them. T-Bone sighed, and

>considered his feelings for her. He remembered one day when he was in
the mechanic's shop as Chance, and Razor as Jake, when he saw

her on

>the news.
 "That Callie sure is pretty..." Chance had said.

> "Yeah, but she'll be pretty mad if we don't get her car running!"
Jake had reminded him.

>
 But one thing they had both known-- she was in love with at least

>one of the SWAT Kats, not Jake and Chance, her own mechanics.

> T-Bone guided the jet into a gentle curve as he scanned the ground
for any of Dr. Viper's mutant minions, and continued to ponder their

>relationship...

>
 Razor took in the view from Callie's balcony, and realized why she

>liked it so much. The sunset seemed to last forever as it drifted
behind the tall buildings of downtown. As the last slivers of light

>began to disappear behind City Hall, Callie slid up beside him.

"It's
beautiful, isn't it?" she said.

> "Oh, yes, Miss Briggs. I've never seen anything like it."

"Really? Where do you live?"

>
 Razor threw her a look over his shoulder. "Can you blame me?" she

>responded.

> Razor decided he couldn't. Enough people had wanted to find out
who the SWAT Kats really were, and almost no one knew they were

>mechanics on the edge of the city. Her mechanics...

> Whenever he was Jake, Razor longed to be with Callie. When he was
Razor, he was around her almost on a daily basis, yet the two never

>coincided. When he was Razor, it was professional. When he was Jake,
he'd always hoped that she would notice him, but Chance always stole

>the show.

> "Can I offer you a drink, Razor?" Callie inquired.
 "Oh, thank you. Do you have any Milk?" Razor responded.

> "What do you think I am, an aristocrat?" She quipped, and returned
shortly with a can of milk and a glass of wine for herself. She

>raised her glass in toast. "To the capture of that snake, Viper."
 "I'll drink to that!"

>
 They did, and Razor caught the Turbokat flying by out of the

>corner of his eye.

> 'Sorry, buddy...' he thought.

>
 T-Bone flew in front of the building, and he could have sworn he

>saw the two of them drinking on her porch. "Great. I'm the one with
my tail in the air, and he's the one having drinks with Callie." he

>thought aloud.

> He once again looked at the photograph of the three of them. It
was a crime in his mind-- he and his best friend in love with the same

>she-kat. He tried to distract himself with thoughts of his
short-lived affair with Ann Gora, the ace reporter from Kat's Eye

>news.

> He remembered what she said: "It was good for our careers, and

it
was good physically, T-Bone, but we just live in two different

>worlds..."

> In his eyes, it might as well have been Callie saying it...

>
 Callie had invited him in from the porch, and Razor had
uneasily

>sat down in one of her overstuffed chairs in her living room.

Seeing
the jet fly by at that time was just a little too odd for
him. It was

>as if he was starting to enjoy Callie's company, then the Turbokat
had
reminded him that the other SWAT Kat felt the same way about
her.

>
 "So, tell me, what's it like defending Megakat City from your

>perspective?" Callie said, trying to make polite conversation.

"It's... uh... interesting. You see alot of the city from a jet.

>You also get to be good friends with the Mayor and Deputy

Mayor..."
Razor responded with a smile.

>
 Callie smiled in response and sat down in a chair opposite
Razor.

>"You don't think it's a bit chilly in here, do you?"
 "Oh, not
really, Miss Briggs."

> "Well, I think it is. Can you get the patio door?"

> Razor walked over and shut the door. When he returned,
he
discovered that Callie had turned on her gas fireplace. "There.
Much

>better..." she said, and rubbed her hands by the fire. The SWAT
Kat,
a little unsure, walked over and sat down where he had
before.

>
 Callie bit her lip, an action unseen by Razor. 'Am I really
doing

>this?' she thought. 'Dammit Callie, I realize how lonely you are,
but
trying to get a SWAT Kat?! Are you nuts?!'

>
 She decided she was. No kat in MKC was going to ask her, so
she

>was going to make the first move. Even if he was a SWAT Kat.

> She turned to Razor, and with a pleasant smile, inquired

"What's
the personal life of a SWAT Kat like?"

>

>
 T-Bone had decided that his shift was over after five hours. He

>landed on top of Callie's building, and once again walked to
her
condo. When he arrived, Razor and Callie were sitting on her
couch,

>chatting. "I hate to interrupt, but it's your shift, buddy."

> "Oh, sure. I'll be back in five hours, Miss Briggs."

Razor
hastily responded.

> "Oh, okay. Whenever. Safe flying..." Callie said to Razor as
he
walked out.

>
 T-Bone couldn't help the look Razor shot him, and he only shot
a

>sly look back. After he heard the jet take off, he asked

Callie
"Where do you wish me to stand guard, Miss Briggs?"

>
 "Oh, anywhere that's convenient. Won't you have a seat?"

> T-Bone sat on the couch at a pretty far distance from the
Deputy
Mayor. This is what he'd been waiting for all evening, but
now he

>wasn't so sure. "Thank you. May I ask what you and my

partner
discussed all this time?"
> "Oh, not much. I just asked him what being a SWAT Kat was like.
What the kat behind the mask was like..."
>
 Callie removed her glasses and blinked at T-Bone. 'An excellent

>maneuver--' she thought to herself. 'But was it timely?'

> "Did he tell you anything?" T-Bone responded in a sly tone.
'This
isn't bad conversation,' he thought to himself. 'But is it what you
>want?'

> "Only that he liked what he did, being a pilot, and being your
friend."
>
 'Ouch!' T-Bone thought. "Well, we've saved the city countless

>times together. You get to really know a kat that way." He said.

"I can imagine."
>
 It was a tense silence, and the realization worked its way into

>T-Bone's mind. 'Look at the way she's acting! SHE'S hitting on YOU!'

It took him a second to formulate a response.
>
 "So, the life of a Deputy Mayor must be as intense."
> Callie laughed. "If you say so. Some kats may like political
drama, but frankly I like real action. The paperwork is the worst
>part of it."
 "I can imagine."
>
 Callie developed a slight smile. 'Look at the way he's acting!

>It's working!' she thought. "Can I get you something to drink?" she
offered.
> "Yes, please."

> She returned shortly with two glasses and a bottle of wine.
T-Bone couldn't read the name or vintage, but it didn't matter. He
>knew where she was headed with it.

> The question was, would he go along with it?

>
 Razor returned to the jet and stubbornly piloted the Turbokat into
>the skies over MKC. He vented a few quiet exclamations as he almost
lost control in a sudden updraft. "T-Bone should be flying, not me!"
>he said, and looked at the photograph that T-Bone had tacked to the 3D
Radar screen. It was of the two of them and Callie, right after they
>had saved her from Doctor Viper the first time.

> Razor let out a sigh in the quiet of the cockpit. It was a
releasing sigh in many respects; it was a sigh of anger, grief, and
>love all at once. It was love, though, not only for Callie, but his
partner whom he'd known as a brother throughout the years. A brother
>with whom he'd shared many experiences, and who he always wished to be
best man at his wedding.
>
 The only real damper on it was that they had always wanted the

>same she-kat to marry.

> Razor adjusted his heading and stared out into open space,
thinking about his brother, and how they were both in love...
>

> T-Bone was rather mystified. More at himself than what Callie

was
doing, which would have been confusing enough. She was obviously
>trying to put the moves on him, which was something he'd lied awake at
night thinking about.
>
 The odd part was, he wasn't fielding any of it. He was confusing
>the hell out of himself.

> "Miss Briggs, I think this outsteps the bounds of--" He began.

"T-Bone, it's not all that scandalous. I just want a back rub..

>with those muscles I'm sure you can really release some tension..."
Callie came back, who had surprised him with it by disappearing, then
>reappearing wearing only a pink bathrobe.
 "Miss Briggs, I--"

> "Please, can't you at least do this for your Mayor?"
Callie
punctuated this last one with a slight air of command.
> T-Bone only smiled slightly. "Well, if it IS a direct order from
the Mayor..."
>
 Callie gave a smile that only pretended to be innocent. 'This is
>NOT happening! This is NOT happening!' she kept thinking, but it was
indeed happening. She had gone beyond the bounds of good taste

>completely and was now not only hitting on... but trying to SEDUCE a
SWAT Kat!
>
 She was confusing the hell out of herself.
>
 She laid down on her stomach, stretching out luxuriously on her

>couch. T-Bone, now VERY unsure of what was safe and what was not, set
his Glovatrix aside, and gently kneaded her shoulders.
>
 Callie let out a contented sigh. "Can you press down a little

>harder?"
 "Anything you say, Miss Briggs."
>
 The SWAT Kat did indeed press a little harder, but the nuances of
>everything happening were not lost on him. He still couldn't believe
it was happening, and he wasn't sure if he wanted it to.

>
 He showed no sign of making sense to himself any time soon.

>

>
 Felina had not been having a good day. Now that her uncle had

>been taken hostage by Doctor Viper, Lt. Steel had been put in charge.
Of course, he had only wanted the title. When it came to most of the
>actual *work*, he'd hand it down to her.

> She sat at her desk and cursed him again. "Not only MY work, but
his AND my uncle's! Damn him..."
>
 Her fingers ticked away at the old word processor on her desk,

>trying to fill out the seemingly countless forms that had amassed on
her hard drive. An Enforcer courier walked into her office and

>dropped a stack more of papers onto her desk. Felina threw him a
look, but he could do no more than shrug.
>
 In the end she couldn't blame him. They were all bogged down by

>all the city leaders disappearing, and the SWAT Kats were

busy
guarding Miss Briggs. That meant more work for them, scince the SKs
>couldn't help them with the petty crime.

> Felina then grabbed the stack in both hands and plunked it into
her lap, and proceeded to file through them. Somehow, in the sea of
>reports, something caught her eye. A shipment of a mind-altering
chemical had been stolen from Megakat BioChemical. This wasn't too
>unusual, alot of BioChemical's missing stock was sold on the black
market.
>
 The thing that WAS unusual was the name. "Catalyst 42".
>
 She grabbed the phone in front of her. "This is Lieutenant Feral!
>Get me Megakat BioChemical, and get on the horn with every other
pharmaceutical company in the city. We need the antidote to Catalyst
>42!"

>-----
III
>
 Razor had been flying for an hour now, and he was steadily getting
>angry. He thought more and more about how T-BoneChance had always

>stolen the show, and how he had been the more aggressive one in the
quiet race. His face had slowly grown from a frown into a scowl, and
>his mind narrowed on two things: Callie and T-Bone

> He had had enough. Spending the past hour flying the Turbokat had
given him plenty of time to think about Callie. "I'M the one who
>deserves her!" he declared, and landed the jet on top of her building.
Quickly arming his Glovatrix, Razor hopped onto the roof and pushed
>past the maintenance kat, who wanted to ask him about the odd green
residue that had developed on the underside of the jet...

>

> The massage had been done with for a few minutes, and they just
sat on the couch, looking at each other. Callie was hardly dressed,
>and T-Bone was visibly sweating. They both knew what they wanted, and
what they were feeling.
>
 They just didn't know WHY they were acting on it. Now, of all

>times.

> Callie finally broke the laden stillness by resting her paw on top
of his. T-Bone almost started at this. 'Her touch is electric...' he
>thought, which surprised him. He never thought like that.

> Whereas Callie was thinking: 'Such strong paws... such a katly
physique...' And that surprised her as well, because she never
>thought like that. *Especially* when as rapt as she was.

> T-Bone was done thinking. He was done second-guessing himself.
So, he simply began to give in, and leaned foreward...

>
 Callie closed her eyes in anticipation. This was what she had

>always wanted... At least, she *thought* that's what she had always
wanted...

>
 The two of them were poised. Eventually, T-Bone cradled her face
>with his paw, and slowly began to bring their faces together...

> Closer...
 Closer...
>
 Only a millimeter away were their lips, when the sickening thumps
>of metal being buried into flesh were heard. Two muffled screams came
from the other side of her door, right before a loud blast blew it
>inward.

> The two of them instantly stood, and T-Bone ran for his Glovatrix
in the sudden cloud of dust and debris. He tripped over an ottoman,
>however, and fell with a thud to land at a set of yellow feet. He
looked up at his attacker.
>
 "She's mine, you hear me?! Mine!" the attacker bellowed, and

>fired a projectile from his arm. T-Bone rolled out of the way quickly
and got to his feet, realizing who his attacker was.

>
 Razor had tried to kill him, and had killed two Enforcers to do

>so.

> "Razor, you don't understand!" he tried to explain, not wanting to
harm his friend.
> "Oh, I understand all too well... *buddy*!" Razor yelled, and fired
another Mini-Octopus at him. Ducking and rolling, T-Bone managed to
>evade it as Callie's bookcase was shattered.
 "Razor, come on! Let me explain!"
> "You've explained enough! Now, we don't have to fight for her any
more..."
>
 Razor leveled his Glovatrix at T-Bone, who had rolled into a

>corner to escape the last one. There was a soft 'click' as it loaded
another projectile, then they both turned as Callie started screaming
>at them.

> "STOP IT! STOP IT!! Can't I just love SOMEONE!!!!!" she cried,
and ran into another room, where crashes were heard.

>
 Somewhere, in the recesses of Razor's mind, he knew that what he
>was doing was wrong. He also knew... almost as if it was in his very
soul... that he loved Callie, and had to help her. This urge-- no,
>*instinct*-- overcame his unfounded anger for T-Bone, and he ran into
Callie's room.
>
 Also, T-Bone knew that he loved Callie... but he never had wanted
>to be so intimate with her, at least not without letting her know that
he was also Chance. Despite his reputation as a ladies kat, he had
>wanted to marry Callie before being that intimate with her... at
least, as intimate as he was planning...
>
 So, he too ran into her room to help her. Halfway there, the two
>friends looked at each other. There was a moment of clarity as they
both realized that something was horribly, horribly wrong

with their

>minds, but they also knew that they could do nothing about it, so they

finished into Callie's room.

>
 Her room was absolutely in shambles. She had apparently torn it

>apart just now, and was weeping loudly by her bedstand. They slowly

approached, and T-Bone opened his mouth to say something, but Callie

>turned suddenly and looked at them with the most intense mixture of

sadness and anger that they had ever seen. Her hair was extremely

>disarrayed, and apparently she had been wearing maskera, as it ran

down her face.

>
 "STAY AWAY FROM ME!!" she shouted, and grabbed a shard of a

>fractured mirror. She waved it at them menacingly. "You ruined my

life!! I was never able to love, because I was waiting for YOU!"

> "Which one?" Razor put out.

> Her eyes swept the room to settle on them again. She fell on her

knees and yelled as she sobbed, "I don't know!!"

>
 Razor kneeled beside her and she pointed the shard at him. She

>slided away from him, and fell back on her arm. In all of the

commotion, her bathrobe had become untied, and the SWAT Kats did

>indeed see more of the Deputy Mayor than normal.

> But it didn't matter. This wasn't Callie. And they weren't

themselves, either.

>
 She was breathing heavily, and she had a terrible thought. And

>yet, in her altered state, she thought it would solve everything. She

slowly turned the shard around in her hand...

>
 The SK's thought to stop her, but she would just stab either them

>or herself anyway, so for a tense second, the room was still...

> And it was broken by glass shattering as a small canister fell

into the room from a newly broken window. The canister then burst

>open, filling the room with a white cloud. The SKs and Callie coughed

wildly and thought to get out, but they were soon overcome.

>Staggering to the floor, they passed out, and the last thing they

heard were many footsteps entering the apartment...

>

> "Move in!" shouted Felina, half listening to her hand radio.

She
waved her arm, and a small squad of Enforcers ran into the Deputy

>Mayor's apartment, stepping over the two dead guards at her door.
When the "all clear" went out, she stepped onto Callie's balcony and

>waved at the helicopter outside her bedroom window, the one that had

fired the canister into the other room.

>
 "Give Conway my thanks!" she shouted at them, and the helicopter

>flew off into the night. She had asked Doc Conway to find the

antidote to Catalyst 42 (Catalyst 6X9), and he had delivered it to the

>helipad within minutes.

> "Lieutenant! I think one's coming around!" yelled an Enforcer
from another room. Felina ran into the bedroom to find Razor

>stirring.
 "Medic!" she yelled, and one came to Razor's side, and placed an

>oxygen mask on his face. This was quickly shunned as Razor blinked
the fog from his head and sat up.

> "Lieutenant Feral! What happened?"
 "You've been under the influence of Catalyst 42, a mood enhancer.

>It basically lowers the mind's defenses and lets emotions and feelings
flow freely."

> Razor nodded. "But... how did you know to come here? I mean, did
you expect... this?"

> Felina only smiled. "What do you think I am, blind? I've seen
the three of you together enough to know how it would effect you."

>
 She turned to the medic, who was working on the Deputy Mayor.

>"She alright?"
 "Yes, ma'am. Got some nasty glass cuts, and she's breathing a

>little too deeply, but we'll have her stabilized soon." the medic
replied, and gave Callie a shot of something.

> Felina nodded her agreement.
 "But, Lieutenant, how...?" Razor inquired, still shaking the

>cobwebs from his head.
 "Well, there was an odd green mold on the building's ventilation

>shaft, and the same mold is on the bottom of the Turbokat. We think
Doctor Viper bred the mold to release the catalyst, to make you kill

>each other."
 "And it almost worked. Thanks for the assist."

>
 Soon, T-Bone came around, and Callie stirred. When they were both

>conscious, they explained everything to them.
 "So, no word on Viper's whereabouts, then?" T-Bone inquired.

> "I'm afraid not. However, we raided the swamp, and found what
looked like his hideout. We found the pods containing my uncle and

>the Mayor. Doc Conway is working on them as we speak."
 Callie and T-Bone nodded. "So, is it all over?" Callie asked.

> "I don't think so, Deputy Mayor. Viper's still at large, and we
don't know if we can help the Mayor or the Commander without some of

>his knowledge. We need him back."
 "Well, if you don't mind, that's for another day..." T-Bone

>declared, and ambled toward the bedroom door. Razor soon followed,
and Callie walked after them. Eventually, the three of them stood in

>her living room, looking at each other.

> There were no words. Felina had said that it only lowered
barriers, so it was what they had all really thought and felt. Callie

>was the first to speak.
 "I love you both. But to love like that..."

> "We know, Miss Briggs. Someday, we'll work it out." T-Bone said,
and looked at his friend, who threw him a nervous smile.

> "Sorry I tried to kill you, T-Bone..." he said, and scratched the
back of his head.

> T-Bone smiled. "Not the first time. Won't be the last.
Accepted." he said, and hit his friend on the back.

>
 Callie smiled at them both, and stood on her tiptoes to kiss
>T-Bone on the cheek, and kissed Razor on his own cheek, as
well.
"Thanks, guys. I know that there are two kats that I can
always count
>on."

> There was a round of good-byes, and on their way out, Felina
told
Razor that since he was under the influence of a drug, he
wouldn't be
>held responsible for the two Enforcer's deaths. He half thanked
her,
and the two SWAT Kats went back up to the roof to find that
the
>Enforcers had used flame throwers to burn off the mold.

> "Aww, crud! We have to re-paint the jet!" Razor exclaimed.

"Yeah, and we also have to patrol for Viper tomorrow!" T-Bone put

>in.

> The two SWAT Kats jumped into the Turbokat, and found it
still
operational, if not smelling like burnt leaves. They took
off into
>the sky, which was slowly turning into sunrise. The reds and
blues
played off of each other as they headed the opposite way
into the
>desert.

> "Say, buddy?" T-Bone said.
 "Yeah?" Razor responded.
> "What can we do about Callie? We both love her like crazy..."

"Well, T-Bone, let's just stay friends for now. You know what
>they say: 'A hangar divided will not stand'."
 "Yeah. Let's be
the SWAT Kats, and worry about love later.
>Besides... don't you have something about Lieutenant Feral?"

"Are you trying to get me away from Callie?"
> "Just a thought..."

> The two friends laughed at each other, and T-Bone brought the
jet
in to land.
>
 One thing was sure: This would not be a 'hangar divided' for a

>long time...

> THE END

> <p><p>

End
file.